

The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

WM. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

'God—and our Native Land.'

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum In Advance.

VOL. V.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C. AUGUST 5, 1851.

NO. 41

TERMS.

Two Dollars in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty-cents at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars at the end of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor.

Advertisements inserted at 75 cts. per square, (12 lines or less,) for the first and half that sum for each subsequent insertion.

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Rev. Frederick Rust, is a travelling Agent for this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for the same.

From the Berkshire Gazette.

A Day at the Parsonage.

The frugal breakfast was over, and the wife and mother was composing her children, and her still beautiful face, for the morning devotions, when a sharp ring was heard at the street door, and a coarse, rough looking man entered.

Morning, sir, was the friendly salutation; I come to see if you'd go to Jim Crawford's funeral—it's this afternoon.

Where did he live, sir, civilly inquired the clergyman; I think I have not known such a person.

Likely—for he never went to meeting; he lives out on the Gore; it's better than two miles. But will you come to the funeral at two o'clock.

Yes, I will try to be there in time, answered Mr. Morris.

My dear, said the wife, looking anxiously at her husband, you ought not to go so far this chilly day, with your cold; and you must not think of walking.

I must go, Mary, and I fear I must walk, for I dare not look my bill at the livery stable in the face. But my children, we will be quiet now; and Clara, dear, you may read.

Scarcely had the last portion of the good man died away, before another ring of the door bell startled the little flock, and a green shawl and orange scarf made their appearance, simultaneously with their owner, Miss Crump, who was a thin, sharp visaged person with keen black eyes, which seemed always to know if a cap or collar was put on the least awry; and everybody knew, that the thinnest fabric, or the slightest spider, never escaped her vigilance.

Miss Crump was accompanied by her friend Mrs. Drake, who had such a severe self-righteous expression in her face, that I always felt in her presence, inspite of my better judgment, that Mrs. Drake was sitting near a very unworthy person. Her eyes seemed all the time to be saying, 'I must and will do my duty, however painful it may be; and for that matter her lips never quivered with their neighbors.

Poor Mrs. Morris looked anxiously at the undusted chairs and tables; Miss Crump looked with her two twinkling eyes at Mrs. Morris, and at the same time seemed to be scanning every piece of furniture in the room.

Mrs. Drake looked with awful gravity at her victim for some time, and then she opened those solemn lips and said that she had called that morning on very important business. She was very sorry, but her duty, however painful, must be performed. She thought it was proper that Mr. Morris should be present, as it concerned him vitally.

Mr. Morris who had gone to his study, was summoned from his unfinished page, to attend the vitally important matter.

Mrs. Drake looked at Miss Crump, and Miss Crump twinkled at Mrs. Drake, and that lady commenced:

I regret exceedingly that I am called here on such an unpleasant errand; but you know my dear friend, that my duty, however painful, must be performed; and as this is a matter which affects the church deeply, I feel that it would be wrong in me to keep silent longer.

Miss Crump's eyes twinkled now till they seemed like two tiny sparks of fire. Mrs. Drake's severity increased, and she proceeded:

It is reported, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, in this village, that you keep in your house a pack of cards, and that you both are in the habit of spending whole evenings, with your children, in playing cards. This is practicing very different from what you preach, Mr. Morris; and the influence upon our younger people will be most awful.

Mrs. Drake, said Mrs. Morris, I am surprised that any one, knowing me should have believed the story for one moment. Will you tell me who your informer was?

Why, said Mrs. Drake, (looking very much 'I am holier than thou') I am not at liberty to give names, but it is a place a young lady went into for labor, in the evening, and she was all seated about the centre table, playing cards. She said they were hastily put into the drawer. Since that time people have watched a little, and have seen you all doing the same thing repeatedly.

Have watched me, asked Mr. Morris, how?

Why, through the windows when the curtains were drawn aside.

A flash of indignation shot across Mr. Morris's face; but he was a minister, and down went the burning thoughts; they must not pass his lips although such impudence deserved reproof.

Mrs. Morris's hitherto distressed face broke into a smile almost sarcastic, as she walked quickly to the drawer of the dining centre-table, & took from thence a bundle of cards, each one bearing a set of questions and answers.

Here they are, said she, giving them to the ladies; our children call them the Geography Cards; and we do often ask and answer the questions in order that we may amuse and instruct them at the same time.

Miss Crump gave two or three very sharp coughs, and rose to say good morning.

Mrs. Drake, looking as if she were the most persecuted of human beings, also rose and said she felt it to be her duty to pay some visits in Silver street, before dinner.

The pastor went with a worn look to his sermon, to take up the thread of thought which had been so rudely broken; and the wife went with a long sigh to the baby she had neglected for the morning call. She had scarcely smoothed it into slumber before she was summoned to the parlor to meet Miss Dutton.

That lady looked at Mrs. Morris with her little faded blue eyes, and said—looking up at the same time a large, green bag dropped with a large amount of knitting work and ball—

Well, Mrs. Morris, I have come to spend a part of the day with you, quite in the family way; now don't put yourself out at all.

Then taking off her bonnet and shawl she settled herself in the chair, dragged the knitting from the green bag, and began to knit and rock; unwinding at the same time with her sharp tongue all the news she had gathered since her last visit. She informed Mrs. Morris that she died the other day at Dr. Hall's and that she had nothing on the table that she could eat; she never could bear a boiled dinner; she did like something that relished.

Poor Mrs. Morris began to think of the resources of her larder, and fled to the kitchen to consult with her maid of all work as to dinner prospects.

Bidly you may get both the steak and the salmon for dinner.

But you'll be wanting the fish to-morrow morn'g, said Bidly, started at this unusual prodigality.

I know it, but we must do without it, Miss Dutton is here today, and as she is particular about such things, we will try to please her.

The dinner, which was also relished by an agent for the amelioration of the condition of the Jews, being over, Miss Dutton began to think of some neighbors she might gossip with over a dish of tea, and soon took her leave, with the green bag, much to Mrs. Morris' comfort.

One hour of quiet, the tired mother found in her nursery. At the expiration of that time a very fat, warm-looking woman, with a butterfly daughter on her arm, bustled into the parlor; and Mrs. Morris left her children with a sigh, to have a session with Mrs. Horton and her daughter Mary.

Mrs. H. the elder, breathed very hard, and wiped her face as if the weather was exceedingly hot.

Mrs. Morris, cried she, with her shrill, piping voice, a few of us ladies have for some time been thinking that we would make you a present. I mean those ladies that's friendly to you. My daughter Mary and myself started the thing at one of the deacons' meetings. We have heard that you were going to get a new black silk dress. I have spent the whole of two days in going about with a subscription paper, and have at last got about money enough to buy a pretty good one; my daughter and myself headed the subscription with one dollar.

Mrs. Morris began to murmur her thanks for the intended kindness, and said she had needed such a dress for some time.

But said Mrs. Horton, we have heard that you intended cutting up your old one for Susan, and we don't think it would be the most economical plan; de-laines and calico are good enough for my children to wear when they are young, and we ladies have concluded about it, and think you had better keep your old one, to save the new—in that case we will get you a dress, and a good one; for I don't think Susan is old enough to take care of a silk dress.

I cannot promise, Mrs. Horton, said Mrs. Morris, a rosy hue tinged her cheek, to be governed altogether by the ladies, in regulating the wardrobe of my children; I ought to be the best judge of their wants.

Very well, Mrs. Morris—and the fat lady seemed to grow warm about the face—very well, if you don't choose to accept a dress from us, we will not make any further effort. We have had ministers families here who had some gratitude, and were very much advised. Mary, my daughter, shall we go?

Poor Mrs. Morris began to be frightened at the amount of spirit she had manifested and she now attempted in the way of an apology.

The ladies are very kind to think of me, I assure you madam; I am very grateful for—

Mrs. Morris, interrupted the impatient lady, you seem to know best. I am very happy that you can be so independent. Mary my daughter come—good morning Mrs. Morris.

Oh, with what a longing for the wings of a dove did Mrs. Morris go to her neglected nursery; her husband had just returned from his long walk, and pale and exhausted, had thrown himself on the lounge. He is wearing his life away, thought she, and we are both neglecting our children, and yet we are called ungrateful; and spies are placed at our house; our home is no home; it belongs to the parish and yet they abuse their own property; we try to do right, but people are constantly finding fault.

Mrs. Morris' meditations were soon interrupted by a young girl.

Mrs. Morris, mother wants to know if you will let her have some green tea; she didn't get none and Miss Dutton's to our house to tea and she can't drink black.

A visit from some member of this borrowing family was a daily occurrence. Coffee, tea, sugar, flour, ginger, all articles used in house-keeping, went in a small blue tea cup, or a large tin pail, from the parsonage to this family many times a week, but nothing of the kind ever travelled back. Why, the minister had seven hundred dollars a year.

So Abby, Mrs. Dutton is visiting your mother this evening; I thought she was going to Mrs. Gutter's?

Well, I guess she was, but they went to home. She said she was here to dinner, and she had a real nice one, but she said she shouldn't think you could live on your salary. You are so extravagant; you had two sorts of meat, and real rich pies. Mother wants to know too, if you will let her have some meal for hot cakes in the morning; Sammy'll bring over a pail.

Is it not cruel, dear husband, said Mrs. Morris, when I tried so much to please Miss Dutton. I knew she was a fault finder; let us do as well as our circumstances will allow—let us act from the kindest motives—let us deny ourselves to gratify others, and we are blamed, but we must always be watched and worried in our own home.

Mary dear, said the husband who

will try to do right, if we are blessed; we will try to please our heavenly father. You must have a bold heart, Mary, where right is concerned, and not suffer trifles to make you miserable. Look beyond, dearest, there lies the charm which will drive away all evil.

There was a timid rap at the nursery door, and a moment after, a pale little girl very poorly clad, entered the room.

Mother sent you these, said the child, in a low sweet voice.

Mrs. Morris looked at her with surprise, for she was the daughter of a man who seemed lost to all virtue, by that worst of vices, intemperance. Your mother sent them, said she.

Yes ma'am, father caught them this morning—he wanted mother to send them here.

Have you ever seen such beautiful trout, husband? Your mother is very kind, Grace; and I thank you very dear for bringing them to me. Sit down down and rest yourself; you are tired.

I cannot stay, said the pale girl, my mother will need me soon. May I speak to Mr. Morris?

Oh, yes, said the pastor, rising from the lounge, towards her; say anything you wish, my child; have no fear, and he laid his hand kindly on her head, from which the faded shawl had fallen.

The bosom of the young girl heaved, and her lips quivered with agitation.

Oh, sir, will you please come over and talk with my father—he is very bad.

Is he ill, Grace?

He is in distress sir, he says he has been so wicked and mother thinks you can do him good. He has not drunk any (Grace continued in a low voice) since you came and with him two weeks ago; he says you were so kind with him. Oh, Mr. Morris, we all thank you so much; no one has seemed to care for father, but you; and if you could just go over and talk with him now.

Yes, Grace, I will go with you now—I am very glad to go.

He took her hand, and she with her full heart beating like the singing sea, led the way to her humble home.

Now Mary, said our beloved pastor, as he returned at a late hour from the brightening home of the young Grace and her pensive father, would you not suffer many such days of trial and anguish as this has been to you from such a temptation?

The wife moved her head, and turned her eyes, swollen with weeping, upon her husband.

He was answered, The ungrateful child had touched a cord in her heart which had never vibrated to the rude grasp of coarser nature.

The PUNSTER'S FATE.—How true it is that the man who makes a pun will pick a pocket, may be ascertained from the reports of the last week's proceedings at the Old Bailey. It will be found, from reference to those dismal records, that a man has made a pun—that he has picked a pocket—that he has been tried and found guilty. The facts are these:—An infatuated wretch, of the name of Cotton, stole a handkerchief and, on being called upon for his defence, he declared he thought it was his own, because it was a Cotton one.

Judge and jury felt at once how much the atrocity of the pun added to the enormity of the offence. Who, after this, will dispute the soundness of the axiom, that the man who can make a pun will pick a pocket? The thing has been logically proved; and I need not, when ever he is known to be present in a large assembly, the cry will be, as a matter of course, 'Take care of your pockets!'—*Punch.*

Fred—was going to marry a poor girl.

'Don't do it,' said his friend; 'you can marry any one you like. Take my advice; marry rich. Don't make a fool of yourself. It will be 'up-hill work.'

'Good!' said the other; 'I had rather go up hill than down hill any time.'

It was thought by a bystander that 'Fred' had 'got him,' and the other opinion seemed to be pretty much of that opinion himself.

From the Bristol Times.

The Duke and the Sparrows.

Prince Albert pushed his cutlet and tomato sauce from before him, and rose up from the breakfast table, apparently too troubled in spirit to eat.

Her majesty noticed the act, and inquired the cause.

'Those confounded sparrows!' cried the prince, with great distress—'we can't get them out.'

'Oh, sit down and eat your breakfast,' interposed her majesty, soothingly; 'and I'll write an order to the Horse Guards to send up a whole regiment of the line to shoot them.'

The prince groaned out 'Oh, no; the cure would be worse than the disease; they'd break all the glass.'

The queen saw and felt for his distress. 'I never liked the Exhibition,' she thought, 'but it is his hobby, and I must not let these stupid little sparrows make him unhappy.' So she sat down at the casquette, and taking up a gold pen, wrote a notice at once to the premier, requiring his attendance at Buckingham Palace. As the royal messenger was seen dashing at the top speed into Chesham place, people said 'twas another crisis, but transient.'

'What's the matter, your majesty?' cried the premier, making his appearance pale and out of breath.

'The sparrows,' said her majesty, 'in the Crystal Palace.' And as she spoke, she nodded her head to Prince Albert, who was walking about at the upper part of the room, and striking his forehead, and minding no one, his mind being occupied with the one sad thought.

'You know we can't shoot them, Lord John,' observed her majesty, 'or I'd soon silence them with a park of artillery.'

'No, your majesty,' mused the first lord of the treasury, biting his nails, and after a pause, he added, 'We might net them.'

'Nonsense,' retorted the Prince Consort, rather gruffly and ungratefully; 'you can't—the place is too large.'

Her majesty's face fell at once, as she mournfully repeated her consort's words, 'tis too large, John, think again.' Lord John bit his nails, and thought again. 'I have it,' said he, after a longer meditation than before.

The queen's eyes sparkled. 'Have you?' cried she, in ecstasy. 'What, Lord John, do please say what at once.'

'Eliminate the place; smother them with sulphur.'

'Capital!' cried the queen. 'Al-lert,' she shouted out, once more, 'we have it this time; we'll smother them.'

'Can't,' retorted Saxe Gotha and Coburg. 'Stink all the goods and spoil them.'

The queen looked miserable once more, and begged of her prime minister to think again, but he couldn't, and left the palace.

The Bishop of London now called by chance, and her majesty at once cancelled him. Bloomfield was always a courier; he looked wise, vowed his services over and over, and said 'he'd go home, and look at the canons of the church.'

'Don't mind it,' interposed her majesty; 'your canons always make a dreadful noise, but make no effect.'

Still Prince Albert kept pacing up and down and growling out ejaculations from time to time about these confounded sparrows; and every grain sent a pang to her majesty's heart. 'I have determined,' she exclaimed, 'I'll send for the Duke.'

Another letter, and another courier to bear it to Apsley House. The royal missive ran thus:

'My dear Duke—Do come at once, my kind and true friend in every emergency. Albert is in sad taking about these horrid sparrows that have got into the Exhibition building. You can do everything you can help us to get them out. Ever yours, V. R.'

The Duke was standing at the window when the royal messenger alighted at the door. He knew the man by his livery. 'Humph!' cried he, 'I hope Russell is not again in one of his resignation fits.' He took the letter off the silver dish, and opened it. He seemed annoyed, and immediately sat down in a pet to write.

'F. M., the Duke of Wellington presents his loyal duty to his sovereign. F. M., the Duke of Wellington is commander-in-chief of her majesty's land forces, and as such thinks the service upon which he is summoned out of his province. F. M., the Duke of Wel-

lington is not a bird catcher. F. M., the Duke of Wellington understands there are several following this line of life in the neighborhood of the Seven Dials, to whom, if it be her majesty's pleasure, he will make known the royal request. F. M., the Duke of Wellington has had considerable experience in capturing French eagles, but none in taking English sparrows.'

This grace read the note; gave a grim smile, then repented, tore it, and ordering his horse, said he would be at Buckingham Palace in twenty minutes.

The prince was still walking about restless, when the Duke arrived. The queen and the prince all but jumped into his arms, and reminded him of Quatre Bras.

'Oh, last and best resort of difficulty and danger! what do you suggest?' ejaculated the sovereign.

'A Sparrow Hawk,' said the Duke bowing.

'Oh, ever fertile in resources!' exclaimed the prince, 'to place a difficulty before you is to have a remedy. We'll have the sparrow hawk,' he added.

'We will,' said the queen; and an extensive order for sparrow hawks was immediately issued.

In the meantime, the twittering colony in the Crystal Palace were not unconscious of what was taking place at its Buckingham neighbor, and had a couple of messengers of their own flying between the 'two houses,' bearing hourly intelligence of the consultations for turning them out of office. Thus when Lord John Russell was with her majesty, a clever, sharp eared young sparrow alighted on the sill of the window outside, and overheard the whole of the conversation. As soon as the premier departed, master sparrow was back again, and, gliding in through one of the ventilators, was soon telling the whole story to a council of veteran writers assembled in one of the highest branches. The council was presided over by a grey-headed old sparrow, the Nestor of the many flocks that flitted about the Crystal Palace.

When the young sparrow had told all that Lord John had said, 'Pshaw!' cried the president of the council, 'Net us! and we forsooth are fools enough to go into the nets, while we have plenty of room to avoid them; Lord John has seen his best days. Unless they can get a wiser counsellor than that, we'll bicker Prince Albert and his brother commissioners, and break up their boasted exhibition, and all these sparrows laughed and twittered, and provoked the commissioners, who happened to be underneath, and who cried out with more vehemence than ever, 'Hang these sparrows!'

Another messenger sparrow flew in amongst the feathered council. 'The Bishop of London has just left her majesty, and is going to eject us by canon law.' A provokingly mischievous outburst of twitterings followed this announcement.

'The Bishop of London has enough to do to mind his own business,' said the veteran sparrow. 'Let him first get some strange birds out of his own diocese, and then come to disturb us. But he had better not throw stones at us; ours is not the only palace made of glass. I think we need not make ourselves uneasy, but go no building our nests. We needn't,' cried all the sparrows from all the branches, 'we'll stay where we are.'

'The Duke is sent for,' exclaimed another messenger sparrow, making his appearance with some sign of trepidation.

'The Duke!' repeated they, but there was no banner in their twitter now.

But the president of the sparrows' council still put a bold face on the matter, and said in a boastful tone, 'The Duke would find he had not a Napoleon to deal with this time; nevertheless the sparrows were noticed not to go on as busily with their nest-building as before, when a fourth messenger flew in, and said he had just overheard the Duke suggest a sparrow hawk.' 'Then I'm off,' exclaimed the veteran president of the council, popping out through a ventilator. 'That horrid old Duke; I was afraid he would hit upon an expedient.'

DESPERATION.—A letter to the Tribune mentions the circumstances of a merchant at San Francisco, who, having been burnt out of all that he owned by the previous fires of that city, when the flames of the last conflagration surrounded his building, in which he had all he possessed, coolly invited his wife to walk out and see the fire; when they had passed into the street, in a moment of mad phrenzy, he drew a revolver and shot her through the head, and then instantly ended his own life with another shot.

If you want an enemy, choose the person and expect him to be one; and if he is now your friend, ten to one if you do not sooner or later realize your expectations. But on the other hand if you take a man to be friendly ten to one if he does not become so. 'Take for your motto,' *Thinketh no evil.*

A Mother's Eyes.

A mother's eyes are magnets of the child; To draw him up to boyhood; then, like stars,

They are put out by meteoric youth. Dining the pure calm of their holy ray. A mother's eyes the grown-up man forego; As they had never been; with knitted brow. The goddess pilot of Ambition's sea, He never reaches. See, in dismal wreck, How strewn these isles are with the ghosts of ships. That only drift there though Oblivion's night.

Touching the shore in silence! In old age. Remembrance from her portrait lifts the veil.

And then a mother's eyes look forth again. And through the soul's dark windows gaze like doves. Now lighted from the sky, and fill it thus. With thoughts of innocence and dreams of love.

Until our coffin like our cradle grows— Then sleep we, child like hush'd in sweet repose.

The Contradictory Couple.

'I do believe,' says the husband, taking his spoon out of his glass and tossing it on the table, 'that of all the obstinate, wrong-headed creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte.'

'Certainly, certainly, have your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you,' rejoined the lady. 'Of course you didn't contradict me at dinner table; oh no, not you!' says the gentleman.

'Yes, I did,' says the lady. 'Oh! you did!' cries the gentleman, 'you admit that?'

'If you call that contradiction, I do, the lady answers; and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave.'

'Not my slave!' repeats the gentleman, bitterly; 'and you still mean to say that in Blackburn's new house there are more than fourteen doors, including the wine cellar.'

'I mean to say,' retorts the lady, beating time with her brush on the palm of her hand, 'that in that house there are just fourteen doors and one more.'

'Well, then,' says the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad!'

By and by the gentleman comes to a little, and rescues himself in his former chair.—'There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins.

'I appeal to Mr. Jenkins who sat next to me on the sofa, in the drawing-room, during tea.'

'Morgan, you surely mean,' interrupts the gentleman.

'I do not mean anything of the kind,' answers the lady.

'Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear,' cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking up in agony, 'she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!'

'Do you take me for a perfect fool?' exclaims the lady. 'Do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?'

'Jenkins with a blue coat!' cries the gentleman, with a groan. 'Jenkins in a blue coat!—a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but brown!'

'Do you dare charge me with telling an untruth?' demands the lady, bursting into tears.

I charge you, ma'am, retorts the gentleman, starting up, 'with being a monster of contradiction—I a monster of aggravation—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat! what have I done, that I should be doomed to hear such statements?'

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUNG LADIES.

The Rev. A. Peabody, in an address before the Newburyport Female school, which has been published, enlarged upon the use of the exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech—saying splendid for pretty, magnificent for handsome, horrid or horrible for unpleasant, immense for large, thousands or myriads, for any more than two. 'Were I,' he says, 'to write down for one day, the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret literally, it would imply that, within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvellous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, had enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for a dozen common lives.'